Illinois [illegible]

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Illinois in General

Illinois

History

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ORK SEMI-WEEKLY TRIBUNE,

TUESDAY, MARCH 3, 1863.

SCENE IN THE ILLINOIS LEGISLATURE.

Speech of a Brave Old Patriot—His Terrific Philippic Against Traitors.

In the Illinois Senate lately the following speech was delivered. There have been more pretentious and labored efforts during the present war, but none that had in them more of true natural eloquence and fervent patriotism. We should like to have seen and heard the old man. The report is taken from a Western paper:

A great sensation was then caused by a speech delivered by Mr. Funk, one of the richest farmers of the State, a man who pays over $3,000 per annum in taxes toward the support of the Government. The lobby and gallery were crowded with spectators. Mr. Funk rose to object to trifling resolutions which were being introduced by the Democrats to kill time, and stave off a vote upon the appropriations for the support of the State Government. He said:

Mr. SPEAKER: I can sit in my seat no longer and see such boys' play going on. These men are trifling with the best interests of the country. They should have asses' ears to set off their heads, or they are Secessionists and traitors at heart.

I say that there are traitors and Secessionists at heart in this Senate. Their actions prove it. Their speeches prove it. Their gibes and laughter and cheers here nightly, when their speakers get up in this hall and denounce the War and the Administration, prove it.

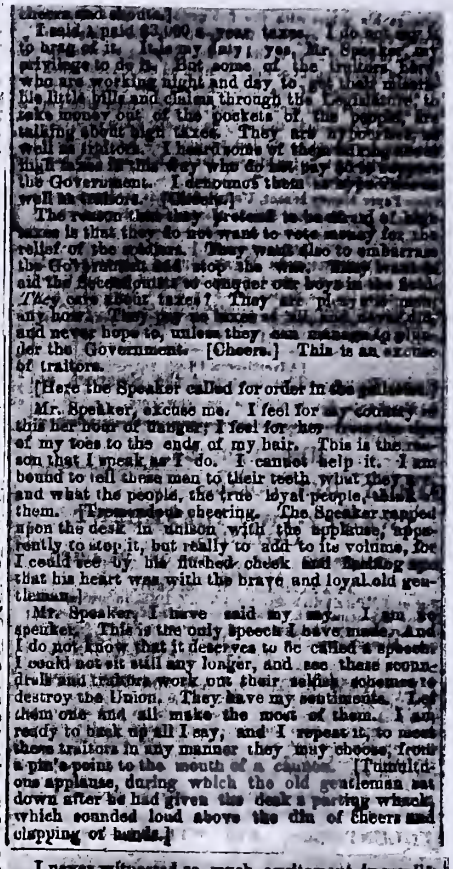
I can sit here no longer and not tell these traitors what I think of them. And while so telling them, I am responsible myself for what I say. I stand upon my own bottom. I am ready to meet any man on this floor, in any manner, from a pin's point to the mouth of a cannon, upon this charge against these traitors. [Tremendous applause from the galleries.] I am an old man of sixty-five. I came to Illinois a poor boy. I have made a little something for myself and family. I pay $3,000 a year in taxes. I am willing to pay $6,000, ay $12,000 [great cheering, the old gentleman bringing down his fist upon his desk with a blow that would knock down a bullock, and causing the ink-stand to bounce a half-dozen inches in the air]. ay, I am willing to pay my whole fortune, and then give my life to save my country from these traitors that are seeking to destroy it. [Tremendous cheers and applause, which the Speaker could not subdue.]

Mr. Speaker, you must please excuse me. I could not sit longer in my seat, and calmly listen to these traitors. My heart, that feels for my poor country, would not let me. My heart, that cries out for the lives of our brave voluuteers in the field, that these traitors at home are destroying by thousands, would not let me. My heart, that bleeds for the widows and orphans at home, would not let me. Yes, these villains and traitors and Secessionists in this Senate [striking his clenched fists on the desk with a blow that made the house ring again] are killing my neighbors' boys, now fighting in the field. I dare to tell this to these traitors, to their faces, and that I am responsible for what I say to one or all of them. [Cheers.] Let them come on, right here. I am 65 years old, and I have made up my mind to risk my life right here, on this floor, for my country. [Mr. Funk stood near the lobby railing, his desk being one of the row immediately in front of it. A crowd, as he proceeded, collected around him, evidently with the intention of protecting him from violence, if necessary. The last announcement was received with great cheering, and I saw many an eye flash, and many a countenance grow radiant with the light of defiance.]

These men sneered at Col. Mack, a day or two ago. He is a little man; but I am a large man. I am ready to meet any of them, in place of Col. Mack. I am large enough for them, and I hold myself ready for them now, and at any time. [Cheers from the galleries.]

Mr. Speaker, these traitors on this floor should be provided with hempen collars. They deserve them. They deserve them. They deserve hanging, I say [raising his voice and violently striking the desk]. The country would be better off to swing them up. I go for hanging them, and I dare to tell them so, right here, to their traitor faces. Traitors should be hung. It would be the salvation of the country to hang them. For that reason, I would rejoice at it. [Tremendous cheering.]

Mr. Speaker, I beg pardon of the gentlemen in the Senate who are not traitors, but true, loyal men, for what I have said. I only intend it and mean it for Secessionists at heart. They are here, in this Senate. I see them joke and smirk and grin at a true Union man. But I defy them. I stand here ready for them and dare them to come on. [Great cheering.] What man with the heart of a patriot could stand this treason any longer? I have stood it long enough. I will stand it no more. [Cheers.] I denounce these men and their aiders and abettors as rank traitors and Secessionists. Hell itself could not spew out a more traitorous crew than some of the men who disgrace this Legislature, this State, and this country. For myself, I protest against and denounce their treasonable acts. I have voted against their measures. I will do so to the end. I will denounce them as long as God gives me breath. And I am ready to meet the traitors themselves here or



I said I paid $3,000 a year taxes. I do not rise to brag of it. I take my duty; yes, Mr. Speaker, as a privilege to do it. But some of the traitors [who are working night and day to put their miserable little bills and claims through the Legislature to take money out of the people's pockets] are talking about their taxes. They are a poor set, as well as traitors. I heard some of them say they [illegible] the Government. I denounce them as [illegible] well as traitors. [Cheers.]

The reason that they pretend to be afraid of high taxes is that they do not want to vote money for the relief of the soldiers. They would like to embarrass the Government and stop the war. They want to aid the Secessionists to conquer our boys in the field. They care about taxes? They are [illegible] any how. They pay no taxes at all, [illegible] and never hope to, unless they can manage to plunder the Government. [Cheers.] This is an excuse of traitors.

[Here the Speaker called for order in the galleries.]

Mr. Speaker, excuse me. I feel for my country in this her hour of danger. I feel for her [illegible] of my toes to the ends of my hair. This is the reason that I speak as I do. I cannot help it. I am bound to tell these men to their teeth what they are, and what the people, the true loyal people, think of them. [Tremendous cheering. The Speaker rapped upon the desk in unison with the applause, apparently to stop it, but really to add to its volume, for I could see by his flushed cheek and flashing eye that his heart was with the brave and loyal old gentleman.]

Mr. Speaker, I have said my say. I am by speaker. This is the only speech I have made. And I do not know that it deserves to be called a speech. I could not sit still any longer, and see these scoundrels and traitors work out their selfish schemes to destroy the Union. They have my sentiments. Let them one and all make the most of them. I am ready to back up all I say, and I repeat it, to meet these traitors in any manner they may choose, from a pin's point to the mouth of a cannon. [Tumultuous applause, during which the old gentleman sat down after he had given the desk a parting whack, which sounded loud above the din of cheers and clapping of hands.]

I never witnessed so much excitement in my life in an assembly. Mr. Funk spoke with a force of natural eloquence, with a compilation and [illegible] ness, with a fervor and passion that [illegible] up the galleries and even members on the floor, to the highest pitch of excitement. His voice was heard in the stores that surround the square, and the people came flocking in from all quarters. In five minutes it had an audience that packed the hall to its utmost capacity. After he had concluded, the Republican members and spectators rushed up and took him by the hand to congratulate him. The Democrats said nothing, but evidently felt the castigation they were receiving most keenly, as might be seen from their blanched cheeks and restless and uneasy glances.

A GREAT DAY.

The First Day's Meeting of the Old Settlers' Association.

Three or Four Thousand People Assemble and Do Honor to the Old Folks.

Splendid Weather, Good Music and a Jolly Time.

Speeches by D. E. Ambrose, Robt. H. Patton, "Our Junior," and Others.

Special to the State Register.

OLD SETTLERS' CAMP, PLEASANT PLAINS, Aug. 26, 1885.—The twenty-sixth annual meeting of the Old Settlers' association of Sangamon county, that opened here this morning, is one of the grandest, if not the grandest, meeting that has ever been held. The crowds came on trains, in buggies and wagons, and on foot. They found the people of Pleasant Plains ready to receive them with open arms. A large stand had been erected and beautifully decorated with evergreens. Over the front was the word, in silver, "Welcome." Ample seats had been provided, and everything was in shape for a great day. The sun shone out bright; the grass was as green and soft as a velvet carpet; the hoary-headed old fellows were on hand, as well as the silver headed old dames; there also were the jolly young bachelors, and the bloomingest maidens that can be found. Everybody was well dressed, everybody wore bright smiles, and a big pile of well-filled baskets under a large spreading elm indicated that a good time would be had. And those who were there were not disappointed.

There was a good drum corp on hand, and a rosy-faced little choir of girls, and white collared speakers with manuscripts sticking out of their pockets; with the solid dignity of age was mixed the smiles of youth; with the recollections of "ye olden times," were the rumor of the day; and "all went merry as a marriage bell;" and the day grew brighter and the crowd grew larger—so that there must have been three or four thousand on hand when the meeting opened after dinner with martial music and the hymn of the Old Choir:

"My gracious Redeemer I love,
His praises aloud I'll proclaim,
And join with the armies above
To shout his adorable name."

But I am getting ahead of the meeting, which opened at 10 o'clock.

MORNING EXERCISES.

The assembled people were called to order by A. B. Irwin, who announced the twenty-sixth annual convention of the Old Settlers' Association of Sangamon. Following this announcement a choir of little misses sang in a very pleasing manner a chorus commencing "How Happy is the Farmer's Life."

Rev. D. P. Lyon, D.D., of Pleasant Plains, read twelve verses from the nintieth Psalm, following, as the chaplain of the meeting, with prayer. This was followed by another song by the choir of little girls, "Will the Angels Come and Sing to Me Again." Then came the address of welcome by D. E. Ambrose, of Pleasant Plains. Mr. Ambrose's address was so short and appropriate that we give it in full.

ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

Old Settlers and Fellow-Citizens of Sangamon County, Friends and Neighbors: It were far more fitting an old man should perform this pleasant duty. But by the request of the committee, and in the name of the people of Pleasant Plains, I greet you. I bid you welcome to these refreshing shades. And while you are here, I hope that the olive branch of peace may be symbolized by every twig above you.

This is the twenty-sixth time you have convened in annual re-union. You are together to-day as never before. A different horizon is round about you. Some of your number have crossed the river. The year's toils and cares have left their marks upon you. But to-day you are here, again to renew old acquaintances. You have left homes of abundance and promise, and come up here to brighten the golden chain of friendship that has bound you together for these years. Friendship! Ah, what a boon! The sweetest consolation of earth or heaven comes over the golden chord that binds man to man, or man to God, as friends. The keenest pangs that ever sting the human heart are the result of these chords being broken. There can be no better heaven than that where unselfish, warm-hearted friends are all about you. There can be no hell more painful than a poverty of friends.

In the early history of this country the greatest hardship was the lack of friends to counsel and console—the settler's next door neighbors were ten or twenty miles away. When trouble came you could not hallo across the pasture for friends to help you. At times the pangs of loneliness and remorse stung you bitterly. But with a "hardy frame and a hardier spirit" you worked away and endured it bravely, until to-day you can sit down in your beautiful, toil-won homes and say: "Let my heart be still a moment, and the mystery of this fruitful country explore." Friends and neighbors are all about you. In affliction's hour friends are at your door to cheer and comfort.

There is a golden chain of friendship linking man to man, made stronger and brighter by years of toil and privation. That chain, as if in memory of the evil days gone by, and in thanksgiving for the better days which you now enjoy, has contracted in close, tender coil, it has brought you together to-day. And now may this reunion be the best and most cheering in the history of Sangamon county!

May you who are aged and wrinkled with toil, find consolation and rest during these two days of reunion!

As an aid to this desired consummation, I again, in behalf of the people of Pleasant Plains, bid you welcome to our village. Thrice welcome! You are welcome to our homes; welcome to our hearts, and to our sympathies.

Friends, it were folly for me to infringe upon your time by saying more. I have said welcome with all the emphasis at my command. That embraces my whole duty as given by the committee. Hence I am done.

At the close of the address by Mr. Ambrose, Mr. Irwin introduced Judge J. H. Matheny, president of the association and the originator of the association. Judge Matheny expressed thanks for the cordial reception by the people of Pleasant Plains, and to the old settlers for their kind words and many honors, and closed by introducing Mr. Thos. Rees, the "junior" proprietor of the STATE REGISTER, who delivered a prose and poetical address. It was received with great tolerance by the good people and at the request of a great number we reproduce it in full.

A TRIBUTE TO THE OLD SETTLERS.

Mr. President, Old Settlers and Pioneers: The people of Illinois are a great people—

All the men are brave,
All the women are good.
All the boys are strong
All the girls are handsome.

And of all the people of Illinois the Old Settler and the Pioneer stands the central figure in the picture. For it was they, yes Old Settlers it was you who came here and this place was a wilderness. You came with ox-teams and young wives. Some of you brought whole wagon loads of poverty, but it was mixed with sheer grit and solid determination. Your hospitality was, and is, unmeasured; you are given the credit of having invented that grand old quotation, "The latch string is always out."

How proud any one might be to have one of these old Pioneer men for a father, or one of these old pioneer women for a mother-in-law.

You have made the greatest and best state in the Union. I say to you, young men, who have lived in Illinois all your lives, you do not appreciate what a great and glorious state you have.

How would you like to change places and live in New Jersey, where the spring chickens are not as large on Old Settlers' day in August as the Jersey mosquito is in July?

How would you like to live in Delaware? You can raise corn and wheat in Illinois, but what have they ever raised in Delaware except a whipping post?

How would you like to farm in Vermont, where little stalks of yellow corn, one in a hill, struggle for a scattered existence like the hair on the top of an editor's head?

How would you like to dwell in Texas, where the farmer don't raise much, but where the cowboy raises lots of that which the new revision called sheol?

How would you like to farm in Louisiana, where you plow for rice through the swamps, while the alligator with his open countenance gently nibbles at your heels?

How would you like to raise stock in Pennsylvania, where the corn is so scarce and the minerals so plenty that their pigs are made of iron?

What would you think of farming in Kansas where the cyclone will raise more in two seconds than the farmer can raise in a season, and where if you turn your back a minute the grasshoppers will eat the buttons off the tail of your coat?

I tell you, you don't realize how good a state you have; and it has been made what it is by the Old Settlers and pioneers.

If there's any one I honor
'Bove all others in this land,
It's the grizzled grey old pioneer
Like those around this stand;

You have been the bone and sinew
And have worked with one accord.
You have made the state of Illinois
The garden of the Lord.

For, of all the lands we're told about
In the bible or by sages,
It must be said that Illinois
Is the wonder of all ages.

There's the happy land of Canaan,
Of which we've heard so much,
With its flowing milk and honey,
Its warlike tribes and such;

As compared with Illinois
It's a little one horse land,
You couldn't find a farm there
Much bigger than your hand.

And the city of Jerusalem—
A great town in its way—
But 'twould hardly make a suburb,
For Chicago of to-day.

And the temple that was built there—
Was it much after all?
Do you think that it was equal
To our own great capitol?

What were Sodom and Gomorrah,
That merited God's ire—
What was all of their destruction
To the great Chicago fire?

And who was Alexander,
Th[illegible] and him great?

[illegible]
That have grown up in our state.

Four million slaves in bondage,
Raised up their cry to God;
They prayed for their deliverance
From the slave oppressors' rod.

Why land the first Napoleon,
And his wars on land and sea?
Let us shout for old "Abe Lincoln,"
Who got those millions free.

He lived down in the brush here,
How well you all knew him.
Why—he called old Diller "Rolly,"
He called Matheny "Jim."

He was one of you old settlers,
A real old pioneer,
But among the world's great heroes
He's in the upper tier.

There's another man—you loved him;
He was eloquent—defiant.
He lived down there in Springfield—
He was called the Little Giant.

When the spirit of rebellion
Thrilled the country through and through,
The question that absorbed the world
Was, what will Douglas do?

His party was forgotten,
The Union was his cause,
And his party followed Douglas
Amid the world's applause.

Then there was Grant, the tanner,
And our own brave boys he led,
Like a besom of destruction
Was their onward soldier tread.

They went with flags and banners,
They went with drum and song;
They went from Illinois
Three hundred thousand strong.

How they struck the southern army,
Like a cyclone in its wrath,
How that army fell before them,
And the dead filled up their path;

How they stood while shell and bullet
Came down like summer's rain,
With hope they left your fireside,
Did they all come back again?

No—but the war is over,
The dead are laid away,
And your daughters scatter roses
O'er the blue and o'er the gray.

Yes, I went to Grant's funeral the other day, and I sat for five hours while the solemn procession of 50,000 went by, and over a million people crowded the streets of New York to see it. There was in the procession the dandy regiments of New York, the regular soldiers of the United States army, the Sons of Veterans and the old veterans themselves, and a little handfull of old settler soldiers of the Mexican war. There was the finest brass bands in the United States that made the air thick with solemn music, and there was one great band of a hundred pieces that, as it went by, played the grand old anthem, "It is the Lord who Rises with Healing in His Wings." But what impressed me most, was to see General Sherman, of the Union forces, and General Johnston, of the rebel army, ride by in the same carriage; and I thought then, freedom's victory is complete.

Then I went down over the old battlefields of Virginia, where Grant achieved his glory and that made our Lincoln immortal. I walked over the battle fields where the red clay of old Virginia seems to bear the blood of the heroes who died there. I talked with the old soldiers who fought with Lee and whose bodies are filled with Yankee bullets; and when they knew that I was from Illinois—the home of Lincoln and of Grant, they greeted me cordially, entertained me royally, and begged me to tarry with them. When we talked of the war, they said: "We fought you bravely, we are proud of the fight we made, we are proud of the foe we met, but, we have had all the war we want. Look over our stripped and wasted lands; these were once our happy homes and prosperous farms; now you can go a hundred miles and all is bleak and bare. Our fortunes are blasted, our homes are destroyed, and 200,000 of our boys sleep their last sleep around and about Richmond. But thank God the only issue that divided us is dead forever. When the north freed our slaves it took a millstone from our necks that had hung there two hundred years. The union is stronger than it ever was and ours the most solid government in the world. We are a reunited people and we greet you as a friend and brother from the pioneer state of the northwest and the home of Lincoln, whom we loved as an enemy when alive and honor as a hero when dead."

You have seen the past—the present—
With their sorrows and their joys;
And although you are old settlers now,
You once were girls and boys,

Oh, you gray-haired, honored pioneers,
What rogues you used to be
Along about the deep snow time,
Way back in thirty-three.

And you, our dear old mothers,
You've changed a heap since then;
For the years that number one by one
Change women more than men.

But we think we almost see you,
With your smiles and with your curls,
When you captivated those old boys,
You giddy, giddy girls.

How you watched at evening sunset
Down the long and narrow lane,
How you listened, how you waited,
For you knew he'd come again;

And when you saw him coming,
As shy as any mouse,
For fear he'd think you anxious,
You slipped back in the house.

How you loved; how you quarrelled;
How you broke up in a row;
But, then, you always made it up
Just the same as we do now.

And then there was a wedding,
'Twas the happiest day of life
When the boy became a husband,
The girl became a wife.

Little angels came to live with you,
Little angels without wings,
And you toiled and struggled for them
Oh! the precious little things.

Little loved ones, how you loved them,
How you watched them day by day,
And they called you Father, Mother,
And you taught them how to pray.

Every sunshine has its shadow;
Every springtime brings its rain;
Every life must have its sorrow;
Every pleasure brings its pain.

And there came the winds of winter,
Came they with their chilling breath,
And two little hands were folded,
Folded in the sleep of death.

But there is a God above us
And the husband and the wife,
Changed their hope from earth to heaven
Where there is eternal life.

But why should we go back to the scenes of sorrow through which you have passed; for while there were many hardships you endured, all these bound you more firmly together as friends, for after all it is adversity and not prosperity that binds the strongest bonds of love. The chilling winds of winter did not rob you of all your children and many have grown up to call you blessed, and have become the solid citizen of a great commonwealth.

Besides you had your jolly and gay occasions your corn huskings and grand old log raisings when you all met together and put up a house for a new comer. What grand old monuments of architecture you did erect: many of them are standing yet. It always looked to me as though the chimney was bought ready made and you got the biggest one you could for the money, and then the house was attached to it afterwards; while the windows seemed as though the glass monopoly was too much for you. The guests chamber was a three cornered attic and it was a grand sight in those days to see, the preacher after he had devoured all the yellow legged chickens on the place, climb the golden stairs in the corner that led to the hurricane deck. Ten people sometimes slept in one room but I am told and I believe that people were as well behaved and modest those days as now, and for that reason the men used to go out doors in the morning and whistle home sweet home while the ladies put on their pretty linsey woolsey dresses.

Most of those houses were well put together but I have seen some where the logs were so crooked and the cracks so wide that you could roll over in your sleep and fall through the wall before you woke up. But the grand finishing touch, and every cabin had it was the coon skin tacked on the outer wall.

But these were the kind of houses where presidents were born and every neighbor and every friend who lived in your neck o' woods could call to mind the heavy logs that he had helped to place. This was a fascination and the very timbers that sheltered the settler from the storms were a tie that bound the hearts of all together.

While we cannot think that we would like to pass through the hardships and toils of the early pioneers, we cannot help envying them in the proud position they occupied, as gods of the prairies, kings of the forest, and members of the common brotherhood of man, with a domain that was boundless, with creeds unknown and a liberality unrestrained.

But there has been some changes since then. Many for the better; some for the worse. We haven't as much ague as you had those days, but we have more book agents and lightning rod peddlers; and if we have lost any ground on religion, we have made it up in cheek; and if we don't have any log rollings now-a-days, we still have Haines and the legislature. But there has been great changes since then. Cities have sprung into existence as the fancy of a dream. Steam, electricity and education have conquered, and the grandest anticipation of the early settlers were not a span as compared to the leagues of advancement which have been made. When Rob't Pulliam settled in old Sangamon, and drove the wolves of the timber from his door, and fought the wolves of want from his hearth; or, even when Elijah Iles helped to lay out the original town plat of Springfield, who could have contemplated the improvement that have since been made? Could they foresee in the wildest flights of their imagination the realities that surround us to-day? The cities of Chicago, Springfield, Peoria, and a thousand lesser towns in the state. The great trains of palaces on our railroads—drawn by torches of fire, and freighted with a thousand souls—that dart across the state like meteors covering the distance from Chicago to St. Louis in ten hours. The great state house at Springfield. Its dome dividing the clouds and floating the American flag so that it can be seen for twenty miles. The electric lights in every city, that rival in brilliancy the orb of day. The thousands of miles of wires that carry messages with the speed of lightning, or convey our speech so accurately that one can recognize a familiar voice, and the father can listen to the prattling of his child fifty miles away. But all this has been done. It is an accomplished fact. The Old Pioneers of today have seen the beginning and the end. We younger men will not see the changes that they have seen. We live to enjoy the advantages they have secured for us. The old pioneer is becoming a personage of the past. There are only a few left among us who unite the early and the present history of Illinois and they are gray haired old men and women, with but a few more days to journey with us. Here and there we find an old patriarch who stands as the lone tree of the forest; he numbers more of his friends among the dead than among the living, and is waiting, only waiting for the summons to his home.

He seems like one who walks alone
Upon some old familiar shore—
Being left behind;
And as he walks, he raises up his eyes
And sees, far out upon the ocean's crest,
The outline of a ship that bears away.
He knows the ship is loaded with his friends—
The old companions of his early youth—
And he is left behind.
And as it disappears forever,
Its absence calls him to himself again;
He finds he is surrounded by his friends,
The same of blood,
The same of kin,
The same of good impulse
As those who sailed away.
These friends would fain pour out their love for him,
And have him rest contented,
And, yet, withal, they are to him unknown
In love's essential part called sympathy;
For they are of a younger generation.
And when he would unite with them,
And tug and toil as once he loved to do,
He finds his youth, his strength.
His whole ambition gone.
And throwing down the burden that he bears,
He lays him down to rest.

The address of Mr. Rees was followed by a song from the Old Settlers' choir, under the leadership of Dr. Robinson, of Tallula.

COL. DICK TAYLOR,

of Chicago, one of the real old pioneers was then introduced, Col. Taylor in the older time was (and he is yet) one of the prominent men of Illinois. He represented Sangamon county in the legislature about the time of the deep snow. He said his parents brought him to the state in 1814. The old song just sung had enthused him and made him able to raise his voice. He paid a glowing tribute to Peter Cartwright, and then went back to the days when he and old Peter were in the legislature. The first thing he did in the legislature was to get the Sangamon river, and Salt Creek bridged. His next act was to introduce a bill in the legislature to move the seat of government to Springfield. A combination was made at the the next election and elected the long nine to the legislature and moved the capital. "I have been watching the legislature for the last fifty years," said Col. Taylor "and the last was the worst the state ever saw, and when I came to Springfield during the term I would not go into the house or senate." He said you could put it down in your book that he would never call on a legislature who would allow railroad companies to charge three cents a mile; one was enough, but he would stand two cents. He said it was time to quit electing men who held one hand behind them to see what the railroads would do for them. He wanted to wake the people up to electing good men. He came to Sangamon county in 1823, and the people took him by the hand and made him what he is. "I was anxious," said he "to come back here and talk with my old friends. When I came here there was more Indians than whites; when I came here there was no money, they traded beeswax, etc., but now we have greenbacks that is the best money in the world and the salt of the earth." In 1862 Abe Lincoln called him to Washington to devise some means to carry on the war. Abe had more confidence in him than in all congress. It was he who induced Abe Lincoln to read law; and about money,

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"I told Lincoln to issue paper money and make it legal tender. He did issue the money although Secretary Chase would not recommend it. But the money was issued and I have a letter from Abe Lincoln saying that the greenback was the creation of Col. Dick Taylor." He followed with a rousing Old Settler political speech.

MORE MUSIC.

Col. Taylor was followed by Dr. Robinson's choir in one more rousing Old Settler hymn. The choir coosisted of J. R. Dunlap, John Ingals, Wm. Stitt, Wm. Purcell, C. F. Jones, Mrs. J. C. Speers, Jonathan Harnett, Bro. Lyon, L. A. Morey, Milton McCoy, Alex. Irwin, Samuel Caldwell, E. B. Zimmerman, John A. Lightfoot, Robert Punkett and perhaps others. The books used were as old as the singers.

OLD SETTLERS' RELICS.

The recess at noon gave us time to look around. At one side of the stand was a shed erected containing many old settlers' utensils and relics, among which we noted a tuck-woven rug made in 1805 by Mrs. Mary Spears; chair of old Reuben Harrison, father of J. H. Harrison—this chair was brought from Virginia in 1823; a light frame chair, with a seat of hide; a piano, at least 100 years old, belonging to Mrs. J. H Harrison—imported from England: two spinning wheels, made before the deep snow of '33, by 'Squire Bone, and the property of Mrs. Henry M. Hanshurger; an old-style yard reel, old heckles, cards, etc.; waffle irons to the hold in the fire place,

AFTERNOON EXERCISES.

The meeting was again called to order by the sound of martial music. Henry Weldon, leader, has organized a very creditable band of juveniles, with a little 6-year-old miss to hammer the sheepskin of the big drum. Then came Dr. Robinson's old choir with some good old style hymns.

The feature of the afternoon was the speech of our young lawyer friend, Robt. H. Patton. It was a choice production, and was well delivered.

ADDRESS BY ROBT. H. PATTON.

Ladies and Gentlemen of the Old Settlers' Society of Sangamon County: I think, if I were able to express the feeling of my companions, I would voice a feeling of gratitude, common to every pioneer settler's son, for the part you have given us in your exercises to-day. In the very commencement of my remarks I wish to thank you sincerely. In behalf of the young settlers of Sangamon county I acknowledge the kindness of your solicitatione to be here with you, and in my own behalf the honor I enjoy of addressing you and them to-day. We promise our best endeavors to enter into the spirit of this occasion with you, and if we should fail to do so, pray remember how the natural inclinations of youth and age constantly tend to separate us. The young and the aged are too much estranged, are too little companions, to-day. We each following easily after our own inclinations, drift into different society and different currents of action and of thought. Generally speaking, youth and age have not the love for each other's society that they should have. We ought to enjoy such close proximity as this we do to-day, for surely it affords us mutual profit. What though we differ much. It is the harsh grating of these differences against each other that gives us both needed correction. How different the father and the son in habit, in manner and motive. Each criticises the other. To the son the father appears an "old fogy." To the father the son appears a type of "ast young America." The one sighs for the good old days that are gone. The other thinks of their crudities, and thanks his stars that he lives in a different and better age. While the one thinks the golden age is departing as a western sunset, the other sees it rising in all the glory of an eastern dawn. Fathers and mothers, your affections to-day are bound by fond memories' chains. Ours are firmly linked to imagination's charioteers Yon think of the past. We dream of the future. Let us not be made strangers thus to-day; but let us share the thoughts and feelings of each other. In close sympathy let hear warm heart, and life inspire life. Let the wrinkled hand of age feel the warmth of youth's firm grasp. Let youth still ambition for a while to list to the tales of a father's triumph, and age in turn will leave its pleasure grounds and gratify the son as he relates his dreams of future success. That we may divide our thoughts between what you have done and what we have to do, I propose in my remarks a consideration of the manhood shown in the lives of the pioneer settlers of Sangamon county, with a view of adopting it to our ancestors. Young ladies and young gentlemen, companions upon the threshhold of life, in the light of others struggles we must prepare for ours. That being true, the manhood of these "old settlers" is worthy of our careful study. By their manhood I mean the virtues they have practiced. I mean the combination of all those elements by which they have wrought out marvellous success. Manhood is the only thing that crowns the battle fields of life with success, and the lack of it is the cause of human failure. It can not be otherwise, for success is the achievement of that which is meant for man to do, and to do man's work one need simply be a man. How to do that, these pioneers can teach us. They were in the truest sense men and women. Laugh at their old ways, fashions and follies if you like, but remember there is one thing left in them that goes never out of date. Chengeless as the sun and the eternal hills, manhood where ever found has been the same since first Divinity breathed into into man His spirit. The antiquated ideas, fashions, manners and customs of these old settlers may interest us little, save as curiosities; but the changeless spirit of the true man in their lives we may well let them breathe into us. Lifeless, pulseless, useless without it; with it, we may be felt, respected and loved by fellowman and God.

Who can survey the footprints of these pioneers, without thinking more of man than he did before? Without being proud of his kinship? I have little respect for the son of one of the least of these who is not proud to own his heritage. Personally, I prize it as a distinction to be both a son and grandson of two of my county's earliest settlers. The history of them all will soon be written. Most of them are living now only in history and hearts that loved them. It must soon be true of them all; for all these weary forms and snowy locks will soon recline in peace, and take their abode with the saints above. Let the pages of their history be read, for they are radiant with manhood's lineaments. There's a lustre in them brilliant enough to light the pathway of their children.

First, behold undaunted courage! They endured on the road from civilization to these then wild wildernesses, swamps and marshes which could be crossed only with great exertion and fatigue; rivers that could be forded only with difficulty and danger; nights on lone prairies, with no couch but the sod, no shelter but the heavens; and days and weeks of long and weary travels, before the promised land was reached. Then they had to brave a solitary wilderness, uninhabited savage beasts and savage men. These rich prairies offered them no subsistence until after years of toil. Amidst seasons of sudden, rigorous changes they were unprotected by substantial shelter. For the first few years they faced only danger, hardships, penury and distress. Ah, for these pioneers to leave civilization, society, comfort and plenty, and face these formidable aspects of frontier life, that there children after them might enjoy better fortunes, they must have been imbued with a higher order of courage. It takes brave men to enter where progress cannot avoid martyrs to her cause. These things stood in the man's onward march. They were obstacles to civilization which had to be overcome, though in doing it many a peaceful, pleasant home and many a beloved life were sure to be sacrificed. All honor to such daring heroism! But my young friends and companions, do not think that because their wilderusses are made to "blossom like the roses;" because savage beasts and men are no longer here; because their unfruitful prairies have become the grainery of the world; and because their storms are tempered by commodious shelters and happy firesides, that we have no need of their courageous spirit. Until things can be done without sacrifice; until progress ceases to claim martyrs essential to her cause, there must be men of strong hearts and resolute minds. Men who will either do or die are needed in every stage of civilization; for we can never reach a height where there is nothing to do which requires courage. It takes courage to-day for men to resist popular tendencies of society repulsive to their whole nature. It takes courage to-day to resist party thralldom; courage to demolish the iniquities of the epoils system; courage to resist popular lawlessness; courage to protect the rights of the good and oppressed; courage to fight the destroyer of manhood, the despoiler of peaceful, happy homes. It takes courage, Pall Mall Gazette-like, to unearth the darkness that lurks in high places; courage ever to do right; courage to fight wrong. But there are things that must be done, if the lamps are to be kept burning upon the altar of progress. When enemies are to be encountered, which threaten to undermine all that is valuable of civilization, we should not stop to count the cost, we should exemplify the heroism of our fathers.

Secondly, I notice the unconquerable faith with which they were inspired. Through weary winters and summers of continuous cloud, they watched patiently and steadily every glimmer of light, still they trusted on never doubting they would be fairly flooded with a glorious outburst of sunlight. But before success came they exercised uncommon faith in themselves, faith in others and faith in God. A trinity which is the soul of all effort. Not even his first step does man take without faith in himself. All the way from that beginning of his activity to the end of his career, even to the loftiest strides of his genius, he makes not one successful movement beyond where he can trust himself. Men may praise donhters as they may, but the fact will remain, that there can be no achievment without confidence. It is well that we should not be ignorant of our weakness, but it is infinitely more important that we should knew our strength. Pope says:

"Not yourself; but your defects to know,
Make use of every friend—and every foe."

I would rather say:

Of my defects, I'll not be ignorant when I can know,
But the use I'll make of friend or foe, will be to learn what I can do.

Faith is not limited to self. It attaches itself to those in whose likeness we are made, until they command our willing trust. When these pioneer men and women wavered in their own strength they learned to lean upon the arm of their brother and their God. There are few men but sometime in their lives feel the self-same need. But we do not exercise this faith as did they. Not that we have more confidence in self, but less in external help. The air is rife to-day with things which almost forbid us from trusting in man or God; which would supplant faith with universal infidelity. Friendship, love and confidence betrayed, where least expected; honor forsaken, trusts unfulfilled and promises unkept. Reputations and professions unsustained in the light of true character unearthed. In fact disappointments crowd so thick and fast about us, that it is truly difficult to repose much trust in others. Yet 'twere better to have trusted and been betrayed than to have been embarrassed with mistrust. Trust we must Not all confidence is reposed in vain, for there are yet "human hearts that are human." Without faith the wheels of social and commercial machinery would be blocked. We can have no faith in our republican institutions, without faith in others, for our "public offices are public trusts." We have shown such distrust of our public men that they scarce expect or hope for anything else but abuse. We thus banish from office men worthy of confidence, for they will not seek positions rewarded by distrust, in place of gratitude and love. Suspect your servant continually and you will soon have none left, but what you may well suspect. Be careful to give to everyone his meed and you will not lack for servants above reproach. We can better afford to repose mistaken trust, than to wrong a single brother-man with unmerited distrust. Though trust is not always reciprocated, the duty we still owe, for other's failures cancel not our debts. The faith of our fathers went farther than a belief in self and a belief in others. These were but the logical sequences of their higher creed, "I believe in God the Father." "Whether men believe it or not," says Miss Cleveland, "faith in ourselves and faith in our brother and sister humanity follow from our faith in God; and if that faith be allowed its full growth, will each win their rightful rank." So far as man is able to judge, these early settlers were generally devout, but not superstitious. "The pioneer was no hypocrite," says the historian. "Whatever they believed in they practiced openly." Whatever the individual creede of each, I think their lives are monuments of a never-failing faith in the supremacy of justice. Schiller has placed a philosophical reply into the mouth of one of his characters, which might have been made by one of these. When asked, "Should the monarch prove unjust, and at this time," he replies: "Then I must wait for justice until it come; and they are happiest far whose consciences may calmly wait their right."

Emboldened by their courage and inspired by their faith, these noble men and women went to work. Let us not forget with what energy and perseverance they toiled. Herculean tasks lay before them. Forests to be felled; prairies to be tilled; streams to be bridged; mines to be quarried; shops to be erected; store houses and means of transportation to be provided; schools and churches to be founded, and homes to be builded and beautified, is but an outline of the work that called upon them for the exercise of more than common energy. In a few short years they brought light and refinement out of chaos. Our conveniences to-day tell the story of their energetic spirits. But have they done all? Have they secured us rest? With them did the herculean labors of man end? Far from it. Though different in kind, this age is just as full of problems of life, requiring uncommon energy to solve them, as the one which preceded us. Man's conflict with the adversities of primitive settlements are severe enough. But in the midst of the highest civilization, man meets with conflicts which try him most. Moral conflicte test the man, such are those which are wedged to-day between selfishness and patriotism; between penuriousness and magnanimity; between policy and principles; between the popular and the right; between the worshipers of mind and the worshipere of matter; to stand by our colors in these conflicts we need the courage, faith, energy and endurance of our fathers.

Let us look at some of the more cardinal virtues of these early settlers. Their hearts were warmed with unfeigned love. To the altar of their country, of their friends and of their God, they brought the truest devotion of their hearts, the sweetest incense of their lives. They were patriots willing to die, if need be, for their country. When our sister states in the south lent their hearts devotion to mistaken rights, many a brave pioneer of Sangamon proved his loyalty to the union. First in their state to volunteer their services to their country, they forsook not its standard until peace was declared and the union safe. Having fought as lovers of their country and not as lovers of war, they returned with glad hearts to the sacred shrine, of "home sweet home." Here they have always been even nobler than they were in the fields of courage. Would you know these pioneers best? would you see them where they are most like men? Go not to the battle fields, where they have crowned themselves with glory; but go to the place that is to every man "the sweetest spot on earth," and view them, as a companion, parents, child or neighbor and you will find manliness there to admire. The true companion, devoted parent and child, and neighborly neighbor of early Sangamon, is not as common with us as we would love to see. As we are becoming more and more devoted to the worship of material progress we forget the value of friends, the sacredness of plighted love and honor, and the beauties of home-life, absorbed in self and selfish things, man may banish others from his presence, until in the midst of society he is in solitude, without admirers to applaud him or friends to comfort, sympathize, help him. The happy dependence of these early settlers upon each other indicates lives full of pleasant scenes and memories. While the spirit of heartless independence into which we are drifting is the sure harbinger of an unhappy people.

Charitable, the title they had in their store-house, was sweeter when shared by the needy. Honest, they were content with their own. Just, they gave honor to whom honor was due. Well-wishing, they rejoiced in others' fortunes, and envied them not. Grateful, they sought not to leave a single act of kindness go unrepaid. They were economical, but not penurious; provident, not lavish. To epitomize, I dare affirm that nowhere in all history do we find formulated and illustrated better than in them the pure and simple creed of right living. Their lives may be regarded by some as pheunomena, full of eccentricities and oddities, but to me they are wondrous labyrinths of character and nobility, full of life and light and discipline. Look not upon them alone as wild flowers, which our "hot house cultures" far outvie. To be sure we enjoy to-day wondrous displays of culture, science and art, of which they knew nothing. We also have our schools at every doorysrd, and churches in every community, with both occupied with teachers and pastors of advanced thought and learning. They had not our network of railway systems, our telegraphs, telephones and electric lights. To relate the story of our material advancement in these few years, is to paint things more wonderful than the imagination can picture. But despite all this gigantic movement forward, how as pigmies to giants, in point of moral altitude, do we compare with these unschooled, unscientific, unartistic, but plain, simple and honest pioneers. Do we need to be convinced of our inferiority! Take up the morning papers, and if your heart is equal to the task, carefully scan the black lists of betrayed trusts, of cowardice, of falsehood and intrigue. If that's not enough, step behind the velvet curtain that gives fair appearances to our "best society." "Oh, see what skeletons dance behind the scene." Sooner or later, and the sooner the better, we must teach these arrogant hearts of ours that beyond and above intellectual and material achievements, there are [illegible] trifle, unless accompanied by the pure and and crystalized gem of unstained character; that the soul needs illumination beyond that which the blazing chandeliers of science, culture and art can give it; that christian morality can do more for man than civilization. When we will have done this; we will begin to appreciate how indispensable to us are the lives and characters of these men and women, either passed already, or soon to pass, into history. Peace to their memory! Calm be the resting placee of the brave and true forever! Sacred may we hold the trusts they leave to us, and bright will be the visions of the coming ages! I thank you ladies and gentlemen for your kind attention. If it, perchance, should be our future to meet again, I can only wish that it may be in as true a friendship or as honorable a rivalry as that which graced the careers of our fathers.

MUSIC, ETC.

After Mr. Patton's speech the best music of the day was furnished, by a mixed chorus, with Mr. Griffin, leader, and Miss Libbie Harnet presiding at the piano, and Misses Josie Griffin, Lou Dorand, Kate, Hattie and Carrie Fink, Jessie Rawls, Emma Campbell, Maggie Irwin, Alta Brownback and Elma Atherton, Jno. Harrison, Ernest Bleuler, Mr. Louie Morey, his sons, Chester and Irvin Morey, and Mr. McDonald. They made the welkin ring.

The piano used was an elegant upright Hardman from G. W. Ohatterton's, in Springfield, and presented a grand contrast to the Old Settler piano which was imported over 100 years ago, both in appearance and in tone.

The balance of the afternoon was filled in by talks, by short speeches, and music by the choir of little misses. Talks were made by Jno. H. Harrison, and as an Old Settler; County Superintendent A. J. Smith made a very interesting and able, though a short address on the subject of education, after which a recess was taken until 7 o'clock.

EVENING EXERCISES.

There was a fair attendance at the evening meeting of old settlers. Short speeches were made by A. B. Irwin, Samuel Caldwell and Rev. D. P. Lyon, D. D. The exercises were interspersed by good singing. The meeting adjourned until to-morrow morning.

A good many people camped on the grounds, and Snoder's hotel, at the Plains, is filled to overflowing.

The first day's reunion has been a grand success. The crowd has been large, orderly and sociable, and to-morrow will no doubt exceed anything that ever has taken place in the county in the way of a picnic. The trains run at convenient hours on the Ohio & Mississippi, (see notice elsewhere) and the people of Springfield should come out en masse, for if the weather is pleasant they will have the grandest time they could wish. Come one. Come all.

YOUR JUNIOR.

Full of Peril

are those disorders which, beginning with an apparently trivial inactivity of the kidneys or bladder, terminates in Bright's disease, diabetes and cystitis. The first two not only interrupt the functions of the renal organs, but destroy their structure with as much certainty as tubercular consumption does that of the lungs. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is an excellent diuretic, promoting the activity of these organs without over exciting them, thus averting the deadly maladies in which their inaction is so prone to culminate. The removal from the blood of impurities which the kidneys should, but do not, when inactive, secrete, is another benefi-ent effect of this incomparable medicated stimulant and depurant. The Bitters is, in all cases, too, a fine restorative of vigor and aid to digestion, remedies malarial disease, and banishes liver complaint and constipation.

It is said that W. S. Gilbert never attends a first performance of one of his plays.

A Clergyman's Flock.

Rev. T. G. Brooke, pastor of the Central Presbyterian church, Clarksburg, W. Va., found that his whole brood of chickens were affected with cholera. He mixed up some corn meal dough, put into it enough St. Jacobs Oil to make it smell of the oil, and fed them with it. This treatment he repeated every alternate day for a week, and at the end of that time they were healthier and better than they had ever been.

THE SPRINGFIELD NEWS

'J. N.' IS NO MORE; CHARACTER SKETCH

Harmless Lunatic Who Roamed the Land for Years, Paying Neither Railroad Nor Hotel Bills.

PASSES FOR HIMSELF AND ONE

Many Strange Stories Told of the Old Man. Became a Nuisance in Newspaper Office, but Always Excited Attention.

The death of the "Immortal J. N." at the county hospital near Toledo, Ohio, removes a figure known throughout the length and breadth of the land as a harmless lunatic, bent on a hazy mission to remove the pressure and lift the veil.

The "Immortal J. N." was known all over the United States. He never claimed the word "Immortal," in fact, the mention of it in his presence would send him into flighty rage that never took more serious form than noise.

Springfield was one of the regular stopping places.

His coming was generally heralded in the newspaper offices first. With a whoop and a "Hello" he would descend upon the editorial force at the busiest hour. He always earned a pleasure that seldom reciprocated. With a few incoherent remarks that the old timers of the editorial force disregarded, the old man would dive into the exchanges and in about two minutes would have them scattered over all the available space, uttering imprecations upon certain exchanges where some young and foolish reporter had referred to him as the "Immortal J. N." and muttering terrible fates for others who had not mentioned his last visit.

Then followed two or three days of this nuisance. Members of the force would find postal cards addressed to them everywhere, under the doors early in the morning, on their desks, and in the drawers, all conveying some appreciation or some denunciation for real or fancied wrongs done him. Other cards demanded announcement in the papers that "J. N." would deliver a lecture at eight o'clock from the court house steps when he will remove the pressure and lift the veil.

"My God, boys, how long do you suppose you can stand it; think you can resist it much longer; crush you, wont' it, swallow us all up, it's hell, aint it." Uttered in one breath this and similar philosophy would break loose after long periods of silence, and then alternating in rage and compassion, the long haired old man would vibrate between reason and insanity.

"J. N." never paid a bill. He carried annual passes on nearly every railroad system in the United States. On those roads where he had no pass he road anyway. The most distinguished railroad president of his time have signed their names to the cards which carried him at will over the country. Some of these passes were unique. The humor of the situation cropped out occasionally and such expression as "Pass J. N. and one forever everywhere;" "Good until death;" Without reservation," were found on them. The phrase "and one" was on every pass. He would refuse any favor that did not include "and one." "And one" was his other self of whom he was very solicitous.

Mr. F. C. Dodds tells a very amusing story of "J. N." Application for a pass on the C., P. & St. L. at the time it was in receivers hands and, Mr. Dodds was secretary to the receiver. "J. N." broke in upon the receiver one day. The honorable receiver was not in good humor and did not know "J. N." and his eccentricities. There resulted a long and heated argument in which the receiver surrendered as countless other railroaders before had done. He wrote ont a pass for "J. N." The old man refused it and grew demonstrative. Mr. Dodds, who knew the old fellow, was finally drawn into the controversy and in tha end "J. N. and one" got their pass anywhere on the C., P. & St. L.

His success with railroads was equalled by his success in handling hotels and restaurants.

He never paid for his living. His characteristic conduct is illustrated by a story of a new hotel man whom he encountered a number of years ago. "J. N." had lived at the hotel for several days and when he started to depart, tha landlord asked for pay. There was an argument which finally resulted in the landlord saying: "Well, I tell you what I will do. I will be liberal and throw off half." "But," replied 'J. N.', "I will be just as liberal and throw off the other half."

Advancing in years, however, made him offensive and a care. His lack of attention to his personal attire and cleanliness grew more noticable and a year ago he was committed where he could be looked after not as an insane patient but as a dependent.

When he was placed in the asylum it was known that he was no more deranged then than he has been since shortly after graduating as a law student, bnt he had reached such an advanced age, 78, that he required a home. None of his relatives caring to provide for him, the authorities of Lucas county accepted him as a charge, he having been raised at a village called McCutchenville, twenty miles from Toledo.

The first intention was to give him accommodations at the county infirmary, but realizing his roaming propensity and the impossibility of keeping him at the infirmary, it was decided to have him adjudged insane and given suitable quarters and attention in the state hospital at Toledo, at the expense of the county.

The famous philosopher realized the purpose of it all and submitted cheerfully although protesting against being called

"They [illegible] always called in crap [illegible]

[illegible] rounding up in

all kinds of weather, he was never ill and never wore glasses.

Story of His Life.

William Free, a nephew of "J. N." during the last year of his life gava out the following statement, said to he the only authentic statement ever published concerning "J. N." and the cause of his mental trouble and wandering.

"J. N.'s" name is Jacob Newman Free. He was born in Tiffin, O., 78 years ago, and was the eldest son of a prominent doctor and clergyman of that place. When 4 years old he could read any part of the bible with perfect ease, and at 6 the proud father always had the boy read the text of his Sunday morning sermon. While but a youth 'J. N.' acquired a fair knowledge of half a dozen languages and at 20 ho could converse fluently in thirteen tongues. His ahilities as a reader were remarkahle. His eye kept six lines in advance of his tongue. He could read from a book with no break of connection which was revolving slowly before him.

Went to California.

"During the gold excitement of '49 'J. N." went to California and established a wngon train across the Rocky mountains. His business prospered and in two years ha cleared $50,000. A moneyless hobo, a product of this country whom he had saved from starvation on a range, was taken into full partnership in the business, and 'J. N.' came east to buy supplies. When he returned to the west ruin awaited him. His partner had disposed of everything saleable, and had skipped with the proceeds. The loss was a severe one. With no capital but a well stored mind and a magnificent physique, 'J. N.' returned to his native state and took up the study of law. He soon gained admittance to the bar, and his wonderful abilities as an orator were winning him recognition from the legal lights of the state, when, without warning his bright intellect was shattered and the wandering, mysterious 'J. N.' was born.

When Ha Lost His Reason.

"He was pleading for the life of a murderer at Cincinnati when his reason was dethroned. The case was apparently hopeless, bnt the matchless eloquence of the man secured the release of the prisoner. After the trial the murderer, softened by the touching plea of 'J. N.' to the jury, send for his attorney and admitted his guilt. 'J. N.' rushed to the court room, and dashing in upon the lawyers who were intent upon another case, he shrieked: 'Your honor—' and fell writhing in a fit. The nervous strain of the trial and the shattering of his confidence in the innocence of his client was too great for his finely organized mind to bear, and although he recovered his health in a few days, his intellect has since been clouded.

Began His Wanderings.

"A few days after the dramatic scene in tha court room he disappeared from his home. When next heard of ha was in the west, delivering lectures on the 'Unknown Forces of Natnre.' At first he was successful. His usual manner of entering a town always insured a full house. He would drive up to the best hotel in the place and shout in atrentorian tones, 'Don't move, anybody!' When a large crowd had collected he would desoend to the hotel, where he always supped at tha expense of the landlord. The fame of the 'flighty' orator traveled all over the entire country. At every town he received an ovation, and he grew firmer in the belief that he controlled the forces of

which ha lectured.

"The civil war made a strong impression upon him. It was contrary to his doctrine of peace and love, and to prevent the waste of lives he attempted to see Jeff Davis and persuade him to surrender. He penetrated the rebel lines and was on the verge of seeing the confederate president when he was arrested and bundled north. 'They gave me thirty minutes to leave in,' he said, 'and I have twenty-nine and a half of them coming to me.'

Knew Many Celebrities.

"'J. N.' was personally acquainted with Lincoln, and often visited him at the White House. The great emancipator took considerable interest in the philosopher, and always treated him kindly. Among the famous personages with whom 'J. N.' boasted an acquaintance were President McKinley, Senator Foraker of Ohio, President Ingalls of the Big Four, James Whitcomb Riley, Bob Burdetter James Newton Matthews, and a score of others. His memory of names and faces was remarkable. He never forgot either, and there are those who claim that his list of acquaintances was the largest of any man in the world.

Man of Fine Physique.

"'J. N.' was a magnificent specimen of physical manhood. He was six feet tall and straight as an arrow. His features were nobly formed and his brow was of massive proportions. In his younger days he was said to be the handsomest man in Ohio. When enraged he was royal in his anger. His eyes snapped fira from beneath his overhanging brows, and his fine aquiline nose quivered with tha stress of emotion. He tossed his long white hair as a stallion flings his mana and stalked about with the majesty of an Indian chief.

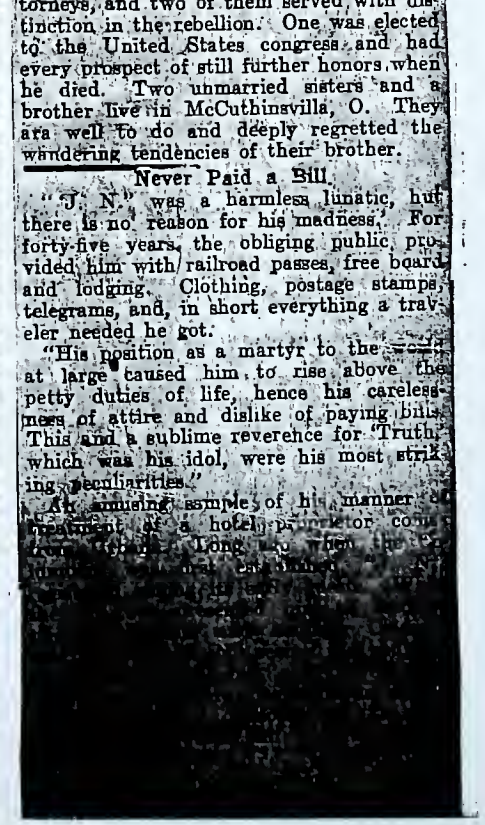
"The Free family is an illustrious one. Three brothers all became prominent attorneys, and two of them served with distinction in the rebellion. One was elected to the United States congress and had every prospect of still further honors when he died. Two unmarried sisters and a brother live in McCuthinsvills, O. They ara well to do and deeply regretted the wandering tendencies of their brother.

Never Paid a Bill.

"'J. N.'" was a harmless lunatic, hut there is no reason for his madness. For forty-five years the obliging public provided him with railroad passes, free board and lodging. Clothing, postage stamps, telegrams, and, in short everything a traveler needed he got.

"His position as a martyr to the [illegible] at large caused him to rise above the petty duties of life, hence his carelessness of attire and dislike of paying bills. This and a sublime reverence for 'Truth,' which was his idol, were his most striking peculiarities."

An amusing sample of his manner of treatment at a hotel [illegible] Long ago when the [illegible]



DR. JOHN MASON PECK AND SHURTLEFF COLLEGE

Address Delivered by Judge J O. Humphrey Before the Recent Meeting of the State Historical Society in this City.

If it is well for ue as a people to consider the causes which have produced important results; if we subscribe to the ruth that the sure foundations of states re laid in knowledge and not in ignorance; that education and morality go and in hand; that slavery, polygamy nd the taking of human life upon accepted challenge are eternally wrong, we lay pause for a little to consider that here was a time when these truths were ot generally conceded even in Illinois. hat strong men were compelled to batle for their establishment and the best history of that time is the record of the ots and doings of those rugged characers who stood for the first generation f our history as a state in the front of is conflict, waged over these important uestions. I invite your attention to one f these characters, John Mason Peck nd to his most enduring work the colge founded by his efforts:

John Mason Peck was of Puritan parntage, and spent the first eighteen years f his life in Litchfield, Conn., the place f his birth. The common school at that ime was the pride of Connecticut. In uch school young Peck spent his winers and in the summers he worked on he farm.

Was a Student Always.

Married at the age of twenty, he bean teaching and preaching. Always a tudent, his habits of industry acquired n that New England home fixed his avenous mind in advance upon the various ubjects from spelling and geography to atin, Greek, Hebrew, mathematics and his sciences. Competent teachers were ot plentiful then as now and except a ew months in the seminary at Philadelhia his studies were self directed. Thus nder difficulties, which would have apeared unsurmountable to ordinary men, e extended his researches to additional elds of human knowledge, including a onsiderable grasp of the science of edicine.

In 1817, occurred the important event f his selection by the American Baptist oreign Missionary society to undertake he establishment of a western mission eadquarters at St. Louis. His field of abor extended over the entire Mississippi alley and his actually traveled as far orth as Michigan and Wisconsin and as ar south as New Orleans, but his activiies were generally limited to the territory on both sides of the Mississippi river rom Rock Island, Ill., to Nashville, Tenn.

Endured Many Hardships.

The hardships he endursd can scarcely ow be understood. He learned the lesons of frontier life so that he knew hem as well as an Indian or a hunter. Ie could camp out and make himself airly comfortable in an uninhabited orest on a rainy night.

On one occasion he started before daylight and without breakfast to reach an ppointment to preach at the house of a ethodist brother at 12 o'clock, but hindred by blind trails, swollen streams and ther mishaps, he arrived at sunset, ound the people waiting and conducted he service to a conclusion before informing ths family that no food had passed is lips since ths previous day.

Ths expreseed purpose of the society as "to spread ths gospel and promote ommon schools." It was the first mieionary society in the whole Mississippi alley. Hie interest in these two subects amounted to a paseion. The field vas impoverished almost to the point of bsolute destitution. There was not a ree school in ths entire valley. There were few schools of any kind. Such as xisted were in the hands of teachere who were immoral or illiterate or both. Ie preached Dec. 6, 1818, in the legisative hall in St. Louis and took up a ollection for missionary purposss, the first sermon and ths first collection for missions in the city of St. Louis. In three years from that date many churches and more than fifty good schools had been established by Mr. Peck.

The following year, 1822, he removed his family to Rock Spring, St. Clair county, Illinois, where he resided for the remainder of his life, and while at intervals he visited the neighboring territory his chief efforts from this time were given to Illinois.

Dwslt an Many Topics.

Whils theee were the gensral themes about which the work of his life centered, he gave intelligsnt consideration to every kindred topic for more than forty years. Intamperance, slavery, polygamy and the duelling code became at once the targets for his unerring aim. He believed that ignorance and infidelity were the fruitful causee of vice and crime and while he sought, by ths establishment of schools and churchee, to improve the people already settled here, he thought to strike deeper at the root of the matter by controlling to some extent the character of future immigrants.

In 1831 he published "Peck's Guide for Emigrants," a volume of 336 pages replete with useful information. The scholar of today will read this little book with sver increasing admiration for the author and will wonder how one of his opportunities could, with such accuracy of statement, treat so broad a field upon so many subjects.

Three years later he wrote a "Gazetteer of Illinois," containing a general view of the state and each county and a particular description of each town, settlement, stream, prairie bottom, bluff, etc., alphabstically arranged.

Both books went through many editions and there is perhaps no doubt that through the circulation of these volumes Doctor Peck induced more immigrants to Illinois up to 1860 than any other man, or any other single influence.

Opposed Duelling.

The practice of duelling, an inheritance from the French nation, had been received with much favor in the south and while never popular in the north, little had been said or done against it in the Mississippi valley prior to the time of which we write. Thus the costly sacrifice of Hamilton's life had shocked the nation and the sermon of the eldor Beecher occasioned by it had extended hie parish throughout the land. True also the untimely death of Rice Jones, a promising young lawyer, of Kaskaskia in 1809, growing out of a challenge to fight a duel had resulted one year later in the adoption of a law by the governor and judges of the territory making a fatal result in a duel murder and all taking part in it principals to the crime.

When Mr. Peck came to St. Louis a succession of duels had recently occurred there and some good men had been sacrificed. He announced that he would preach upon the subject of dueling. Before the appointed time, two more duels had been fought and two men had dies as the result thereof. He preached from Isaiah 1-15 "your hands are full of blood." Of this sermon he himself has written:

"The old Baptist church house, which stood on the corner of Third and Market streets, was crowded by all classes amongst whom I discovered the Hon. David Barton, then a senator in congrese, whose lamented brother was one of the victims, and the late Rev. Samuel Mitchell, whose eldest son was another. I did my utmost to hold up the practice of duelling to the abhorrence of an right-minded men as a crime of no small magnitude against God, against man, against society."

Doubtless the sermon was published in some one or more of the numerous sheets edited by Mr. Peck and though I have not been ahle to find it, we may well believe it deserves to rank among the potential addresses which make up the literature of the time on that subject.

This clarion note of the pioneer was sounded a full generation prior to the time when those gifted sons of Illinois fell upon ths Pacific slope "tangled in the meshes of the code of honor." A full generation before Baker's marvelous philippics pronounced over their dead bodies, stirred the nation on the subject as it had not been stirred before; a full generation before Lincoln and Bissell and Potter had through ridicule and derision induced the American people practically to make an end of dnelling.

His Fight Against Slavsry.

When Peck came west the people of the Illinois country had been familiar with slavsry for a hundred years. The Frenchman Renault in 1720 had brought a cargo of San Domingo negroee to St. Philippe, and during the next twenty years sold or indentured them to the citizens. A few whites and Indiane were already so indentured. The French government, before this time, had legalized slavery in the American colonies. The Paris treaty of 1763 contained a provision by which England confirmed the French inhabitants of Illinois in this species of property. When the territory was ceded to the United States in 1784 by Virginia the right was further recognized and protected in the deed of cession:

Later, when a bill was introduced in congress providing for the abolition of slavery in the territory of the northwest to be effective in the year 1800, it was defeated. The territorial authorities passed laws favorable to the slaveholder. The governor himself a slaveholder, enforced the laws in favor of slavery and used the veto power against all efforts to abolish slavery or to mitigate the condition of those subject to its rigors.

Emancipation Mads Difficult.

When the territory was admitted as a state the legislature promptly passed a slave code. Perhaps nothing more barbarous or less humane ever marred our history as a state. Freedom and emancipation were made difficult and inconvenient while involuntary servitude was made easy and convenient. The effect of the law was such that a man who was free might under certain circumstances become a slave hy lapse of time. Kidnapping was so difficult of prosecution that it became not only profitable but almost respectable. It can not be said that the people of Illinois were opposed to slavery. The state extends far to the south; her eastern, southern and western boundaries washed for hundreds of miles by great rivers, the only highways of commerce, her commercial relations were early identified with the slaveholding states, and so with lawe favorable to slavery, with state officials and a legislature promoting the interests of elavery with the channels of commercial intercourss running chiefly to elaveholding centsre, and with a thousand persons in Illinois actually held in slavery, Illinois was waiting for a man strong enough to organize the host of freedom as the powers of slavery had long been organized. The man and the occasion met in 1822 and the man was John M. Peck. He came to the state in April of that year and the first battle hetween the forces of freedom and elavery was fought at the polls in the following August. The very strength of the slave party beoame its weakness. Its votes were divided between two candidates, whils the anti-slavery vote was united on Edward Coles, and he was elected governor, although he received less than one-third of the votes cast. The weakness of the anti-slavery forces at the time le ehown by the fact that the pro-slavery majority in the legislature promptly submitted for the votes of the people a resolution for a convention to amend the conetitution, the object being to form a conetitution in favor of slavery. When it is understood that no such reeolution for a convention to amend the constitution could even be submitted except by a two-thirds vote of the members of the general assembly, the overwhelming majority of the pro-slavery forces is made further to appear. The submission to the people was to be at the general election of August, 1824, and now the work of organizstion for the great struggle was on.

Peck on Sids of Freedom.

It mattered not to Peck that the prominent men of the state, the politicians who appeared in the open, were mostly arrayed on the side of those who favored the convention. Colee, Cook, Birkbeck, a few others, himself and the Lord were on the side of freedom.

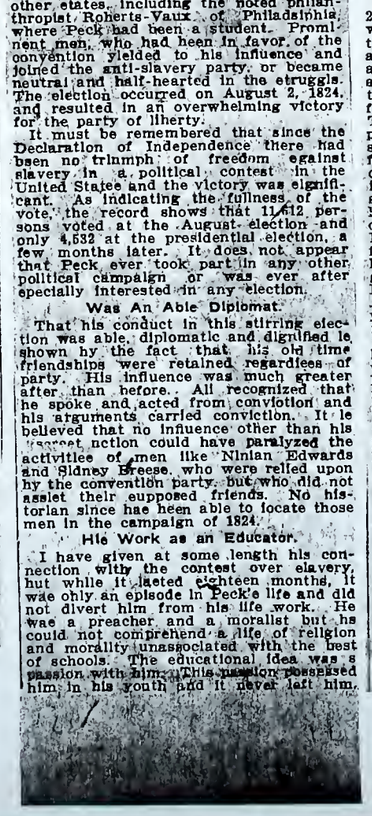
The anti-slavary party lee numerous than their opponents far exceiled them in literary talent. A smsll fund was raised into which went Colee' salary for the entire term. The brilliant Cook had no equal on the stump. Birkberk was a good writer. Peck was omnipreeent, fighting with voice and pen.

This wae his opportunity. For ysars he had been travsiling the territory and nothing had escaped him. He knew every locality, who had made it, and who controlled it. No politician equalled him in acquaintance with the population. As already so indentured. The French government, before this time, had legalized slavery in the American colonies. The Paris treaty of 1763 contained a provision by which England confirmed the French inhabitants of Illinois in this species of property. When the territory was ceded to the United States in 1784 by Virginia the right was further recognized and protected in the deed of cession:

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Scarcely had he arrived at St. Louis before he organized a church and a school. He was the pastor of the church. He was the teacher of the school. His idea of eduoation was a "mind trained to habits of thinking, to logical reasoning, to readiness of epeech."

In 1819 he was planning a school for higher education. He visited Upper Alton with a view to such location, then removed his family to St. Charles, Mo., and opened a St. Charles acadsmy, but the teacher who filled the varlone chairs was absent so much on preaching tours that the school was scarcely born before it died.

In 1826 he visited the state csplto1 st Vandalia. There he met msny public men and ministers and secured their promise of oo-operation to establish an institution of learning at Rock Spring in St. Clair county on ground to be donated by himself. The outside help amounted to little more than a nominal board of trustees. Peck did the work and carried the burdens.

His Friendship With Ellis.

In 1825 a young man named John Milcot Ellis was set apart for gospel work in the old Southstreet church in Boston. The charge contained the instructions "to build up an institution of learning which shall possss the west for all time." Ellis came at onoe to Kaskaskia and spent the next four years in looking for a proper location for his school. One day he passed on horsebsck by Rock Spring and found the hrawny Peck chopping logs for a building. "What are you doing here stranger," asked Ellis and Peck replied, "I am building a theological seminary." A strong friendship ensued. Each cheered and encouraged the other in his enterprise. Ellis proceeded to Jacksonville, where later, by the help of the Yale band, the foundation of Illinois college was laid. Peck visited his friends in New England and secured a small fund for ths new school, and in November, 1827, Rock Spring seminary was opened with teachers from the east Rev. James Lemen was president of the new school. The average attendance for the first four yeare was about fifty, and the total number enrolled during the time was 242. Among the students were Ninian Edwards, son of the governor; Don Morrison, of Belleville, and William and Penelope Pope, children of Nathaniel Pope, then judge of the United States court for Illinois.

A meeting of the board of trustees July 26, 1831, at the residence of H. F. Edwards in Edwardsville was the origin of the removal of the school to Upper Alton, a etate previously decided upon hy Peck and Dr. John Going of missionary fame, as a location hy reason of its proximity to the great rivers, suitable to serve the future population of Illinois and Missouri. The removal of the library and other property was made at once and here the school has since been conducted. The first charter was granted under the name of Alton eeminary, but was so restricted in some particulars that Peck was not satisfied with it and at the session of the legislature of 1834-5, hy making common cause with Ellis and his associates on behalf of Illinois college and with the friends of McKendrse college, whioh had hy that time come into existence, all were given charters more to their liking. The Peck school was by this enactment called Alton college of Illinois, and the same year by reason of a hnndsome donation from Dr. Benjamin Shurtleff of Boston, the name was changed to Shurtlieff college. To the day of his death the college was dear to him as the npple of his eye. He taught theology. He traveled as financial agent. In one trip he covered 6,000 miles and raised $20,000. He tried by all means to induce a patronage of worthy etudente and the last strenuous lahors of his life were in behalf of Shurtleff college. The institution suffered from the beginning the violesitudes Incidental to the time, chiefly a lack of funds for the erection of suitable buildings and to pay the salaries of competent teachers.

Difficulties In Early Days.

From 1836 to 1841 the average attendance was eighty-eight. The students were moetly the sons of farmers. Lese critical than even the farmer hoys of today they as a rule made the most of their opportunities. The teachers were men of unusual mental and moral force, thoroughly devoted to their work. They came from the east secured through Peck's influence, and they left the impress of their etrong personality upon the sturdy young manhood of the western student body. All honor to those pioneer professors Peck, Russell, Loomis, Colby, Washington, Leverett and his brother Warren, Newman, Bulkley, Howes, Read, Fairman, Castle, Kendrick and their many associates. For the work they accomplished their compensation was wholly inadequate even for that day and insignificant when compared with the salaries now paid for men of their ability. Many of the young men earned the entire cost of their college course, tultion, board, clothing and hooke by the manual labor they performed during the interim of college duties.

One illustration: In 1834, a youth of seventeen, together with his brother, entered the school without a dollar. For two years he remained and earned his entire expenses by the work of his hands. Among other labors he performed, he and his brother cleared the trees and stumps from a new street laid out from Upper Alton to Middletown, for which they were paid by the authorities. This young man became one of the greatest lawyers in the west; was a distinguished general of the civil war, was governor of Illinois and United States senator.

During the war of ths rehellion the sons of Shurtleff in great numbers joined the Union army. At one time, in the year 1864, the number in the service was one hundred and forty and the school for a short while was virtually suspended. Several of these men rose to distinction as soldiers becoming majors, colonels, brigadier generals and two rieing to the rank of major generals.

Students Became Dietinguished.

To mention even the names of those who have won distinction in political or public life as governors of etates, judges of supreme courts, or other courts, United States senators, members of the house of congress, ministers or consuls in the department of state, senators and members of state legislatures, ministers of the gospel, missionsries to foreign lands, lawyers, physicians, college presidents, professors, teachers, authors, editors and members of the learned profeesions, would be to call a roll of hundreds who have gone out from Shurtleff college, not including that larger army of equally respectable and useful citizens who have labored for the common weal in less conspicuous stations of life.

Dr. Peck attracted the attention of Harvard university, which in 1853 conferred upon him its honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity, and in the following year he attended its anniversary exercises as the guest of the president of the university.

Association With Public Man.

He knew and had much influence with the public men of his day. He attended the first constitutional convention at Kaskaskia in 1818, although not then a citizen of Illinois, and was a familiar visitor at the sessions of the general assembly at Kaskaskia, Vandalia and Springfield. He repeatedly preached and delivered addresses in the legislative hall by desire of the general assembly and on one such occasion at Vandalia the collection taken for him in behalf of Sunday schools was $260. He also on one occasion officiated at the funeral of a member of the house. He took some part in the removal of the capitol to Springfield. Upon his arrival at county seats where court was being held many of the judges requested him to preach in the court room and adjourned court for the purpose.

He twice visited General Jackson at the Hermitage near Nashville, Tennessee. He was a familiar friend of Daniel Boone, who was frequently a member of the congregation where he preached. Later in 1845, Peck wrote the life of Boone for "Sparks American Biography." He had an interesting interview with Charles Dickens when the latter was in Illinois in 1842. Every governor of Illinois up to 1858 was his familiar acquaintance and close friend. He was the frequent guest of Thomas Carlin at his home in Carrollton and preached in his house. On one such occasion in 1822, Carlin and his wife confessed the Savior. Judge Reynolds of the supreme bench, then holding court in Carrollton, was one of the hearers and the following day adjourned court in order that Peck might preach to a larger audience in the court room. Reynolds became governor in 1830 and Carlin in 1838. Both were the life long friends of Peck and assisted him much in forwarding his great work of the schools and the gospel and Governor Reynolds visited him in his last illnese and after his death inscribed a memorial volume to his character.

Preached Sermon in Stats House.

January 3, 1841, he preached to a large audience in the state house in Springfield. It was just after the conclusion of the political campaign of 1840 resulting in the election of Mr. Harrison, and the sermon applied soms of the principles and methods of action used in the presidential contest to moral and religious uses.

In April following upon the death of the president in office, the first affliction of the kind suffered by the nation, he preached by request a national sermon in St. Louis to a vast concourse of people.

He was closely endeared to Governor Edwards to the day of the latter's death and his sermon on that occasion, whioh has been preserved in full, portrays the qualities of an eminent statesman in a manner to justify the perusal of young men.

On one occasion upon returning from a visit to the seat of government where he had been mingling for some time with public men, he records his estimate of the influence of such association in the words, "I find them not good for the soul."

His mind and his hand were alike trained to act promptly and with efficiency. The students desired to appear in a dramatic performance at a college exhibition. Dr Peck with much care and elaboration prepared a drama called "Tecumthe," introducing the Indian character, the scheming British trader, the exposed pioneer settler and the various surroundings which his perfect knowledge of those characters enabled him to portray. He did it in such a way that the exhibition was a decided success.

A boat in which he was a passenger was wrecked and some lives lost by reason of a snag in the Missouri river. He had no sooner escaped than he collected the facts and included them in a memorial to congress which resulted in an appropriation for the removal of obstructions to navigation in the river.

His Work as a Historian.

There is one important subject connected with the life and work of Dr. Peck about which little has ever been said or written. That is his work as an historian. All his adult life he had been collecting and arranging historical matter pertaining to Illinois and the west. This first took concrete form in the "Guide for Emigrants" and "Gazetteer of Illinois." In addition to these he wrote the "Life of John Clark," "Life of Daniel Boone," "Travelers' Directory," "Western Annals," and various smaller works. He lectured repeatedly on subjects connected with the history of Illinois. He wrote with marvelous facility and spoke with ease, voluhility and accuracy of statement. The public men of the state looked upon him as the most capable of their number to prepare a comprehensive history of the new state and he wa. urged hy many persons of influence to undertake the work. In January and February, 1847, he delivered two lectures before the general assembly at Vandalia, one on the French occupation of Illinois, 1673-87, and one on the Indian history of Illinois. At the close of the second lecture an organization was formed and resolutions passed requesting him to write a complete history of Illinois, and a committee was formed to assist him in collecting materials. He already had vast quantities of matter for such a work.

At the different times also resolutions were passed by the legislature furnishing him easy access to and copies of all public records and documents. In 1839 by request of the general assembly, he delivered a lecture at Vandalia on the Conquest of Illinois hy George Rogers Clark. He was prominent in the first effort made to organize a State Historical society, and was secretary of the Western Historical society, taking in a much broader scope. He was not simply a collector. He wrote continuously for various periodicals, a series on the Pioneers of the West for The St. Louis Republican, "Notes on Illinois," for The National Era; "Incidents of Illinois," for The Illinois Journal; literary addresses, such as the Battle of Buena Vista, John Quincy Adams' Elements of Western Character; indeed, every conceivable variety of addresses on public and historical subjects delivered before college

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Dr Peck

and other public audiences, kept him bright and up to date in the work of ready historical composition. Still, the bulk of his time was employed in collecting and arranging for the greater work then in contemplation—the History of Illinois. This matter was stored in the Seminary building at Rock Spring. In November, 1852, the building burned and with it burned the work of more than thirty years historical collecting by the man most capable to make the collection. This society will never know the full extent of the loss suffered by that conflagration. The senior Lemen in a report to the trustees of Shurtleff college records that "his diaries and journals fill nearly sixty volumes, the most of them large folios or quartos," and Dr. Peck further records:

Irreparable Loss by Fire.

"My collection of files of papers, periodicals and other pamphlets, amounting to several thousand volumes, mostly unbound, but carefully filed, and my mineralogical collection from every part of the country where I have traveled, thoroughly arranged and labeled, together with much other matter which I had intended for some public institution to be preserved for generations to come, these can never be replaced."

About the time Peck began to collect historical matter, a child was born in Erie county, New York; who was to become more valuable to us than any other man in this line of work. I refer to Lyman Copeland Draper. The latter was educated at Granville, Ohio, where Peck frequently visited. Whether they met at that place there is no evidence, but they did meet later. Draper in 1835 began by correspondence to collect materials similar to those which Peck for many years had been gathering. In 1840 Draper began that remarkable life of wandering and collecting, which he followed without interruption for twenty-five years, and at intervals until his death in 1891. Peck visited Draper as his guest at Madison, Wisconsin, during the last year of his life in 1857. It would be interesting to know more of the friendship and associations of the two men. Draper left his entire collection to the Wisconsin Historical society and that bequest makes the Wisconsin society the richest existing treasury of western history. How valuable it would be to us to have the Peck collections preceding as they did in time the period covered by the work of Draper.

A Trio of Old People in Belleville Whose Recollections Extend [illegible] the Early Days of the Century—Some Interesting Reminiscences.

Nothing in the way of history appeals to the human heart like personal recollections, and the reminiscenses of the aged always carry with them the undoubted stamp of truth. Aside from this there is always a warm glow of life imparted to the tales of long ago when repeated by lips that have grown mellow with the frosts and sunshine of many years.

In this respect the scenes and incidents of three lives in the neighboring city of Belleville becomes of a deeply interesting character, since they cover the times and history of this country prior to the great Louisiana purchase, and before the State of Illinois was even admitted to the dignity of a territorial government.

Mrs. Elizabeth Bornman, who was born June 12, 1802, and who has resided within seven miles of her birthplace until the present time, is the eldest of the trio, and while she is now nearing her 97th year, yet she is as spry as many of the younger people of her neighborhood, and has all of her faculties well preserved, with the exception of her hearing.

Then comes Mrs. Adilini Chandler, a daughter of Michael and Catherine La Croix, and a granddaughter of Julien Dubuque, who founded the City of Dubuque, Iowa.

Mr. James Afflick is the next, and probably the only living man who has personally known nearly every Governor of the State of Illinois. He is the local authority for every event or transaction in St. Clair County since 1820.

Our correspondent had interviews with these interesting people recently, and found them each in excellent health, and only anxious to see the next century.

Mrs. Bornman was born on government land, and which is now known as the "Prim farm," about seven miles southwest of Belleville. When 17 years old she moved with her parents to the farm directly across the road from her present home, which is about a half a mile outside the city limits of Belleville. Here she resided till she was married to Mr. Conrad Bornman, November 20, 1827. Mr. Bornman had the distinction of being the first German to settle in Belleville.

Mrs. Bornman is the mother of nine children. Only four of her family remain in earth-life, and they reside with her in the very large and comfortable farmhouse which Mr. Bornman erected in 1839.

"I have just been sweeping the back porch," said the old lady, when she came in the front room. After an introduction, she continued talking in a very pleasant manner, and gave the facts of her life as I have stated them above. In answer to a question, she said:

"I knew all of the early Governors of Illinois, except Gov. Bond. I don't remember that I ever met him personally, but I was well acquainted with Gov. Edwards, Gov. Coles, Gov. Reynolds, Mr. Bissell and Gov. Kinney. Mr. Kinney was a relative of mine.

"I have always had good health," she continued, "excepting a very few instances. Now, last summer, during July, I had typhoid fever, and was in bed four weeks, but I pulled through all right, and now feel very well, eat and sleep well and I work a little and read a great deal. I want to live till the St. Louis exposition is held in 1903; then I will be 101 years old, and will have seen the growth of a century."

When I called upon Mrs. Chandler I was ushered into her private room at her home, 310 South Illinois street, where I found her seated upon one of those old-fashioned, deep sofas which one only sees in colonial or historical houses. She was busy hemming a dust cloth, and when complimented upon her industry she replied:

"I keep up many of my old habits, and, in fact, I am only idle while I sleep."

Mrs. Chandler is one of the most entertaining conversationalists that it has been my pleasure to meet, and I have met many. After a few moments I asked:

"Mrs. Chandler, will you tell me something about your early days?"



ELIZABETH BORNMAN.

"Oh, my! I don't know where to begin. You see, I was born before there was any State or even Territory of Illinois, and I tell you those were troublesome times for the French in this part of the country, what with the English and the Indians and the Americans. I was born at Mauvaise Terre, an Indian trading post and ferry landing at the foot of Peoria Lake, where the City of Peoria now stands. My father, La Croix had been the Indian agent there for some years, and was succeeded by Mr. Thomas Forsyth. My mother was a daughter of Julien Dubuque, the noted Indian trader and the founder of the City of Dubuque, Io.

"I was only a little girl," she continued, "when the French settlement at Mauvaise Terre was broken up and the village destroyed by Capt. Craig in 1812. That was when Gov. Edwards and Col. Russell were constructing Fort Clark. You see, the French and the Indians were upon good terms, and the Americans thought that there were grounds for destroying the intimacy.

"Yes, I remember Gen. Clark. The most prominent picture that memory presents to me of these early days is one in which Gen. Clark appears. I can't remember the date, nor do I remember [illegible] was only a very little girl afraid of the Indians who were always [illegible] store. I could not [illegible] guage. One day Gen. [illegible] store with a large [illegible] mother persuaded me [illegible] was a good and brave [illegible] would not allow any [illegible] after awhile I went to [illegible] in his arms and the [illegible] ber of bolts of bright-col[illegible] he directed me to throw [illegible] Indians eagerly grasped [illegible] I really became [illegible] amused, for mother [illegible] fears and laughed and [illegible] a demonstration which [illegible] nessed from me in the p[illegible] can or an Indian.

"The only other men [illegible] time were my father, La [illegible] Forsyth, the governm[illegible] my grandfather, Dubuque [illegible] sure whether I remember [illegible] it is only a dream to me [illegible] know him through my [illegible] was the Indian chief of [illegible] the lake, known as the [illegible] I don't remember his name, [illegible] him distinctly. Then I [illegible] Capt. Craig. When it became known that he was going to destroy the settlement a number of the French [illegible] and were taken by the Indians, who protected them. All that did not hide were put on board of Capt. Craig's boat and [illegible] aught down the river and landed below [illegible] ton in the woods.

"From there we made our way down to Cahokia, where I lived [illegible] till we came to Belleville. I was sent to school at Kaskaskia, and in 1817 my mother married John Reynolds, who was then a young lawyer at Cahokia. Mr. Reynolds helped cut the logs to build Fort Clark at Peoria."

"Tell me something about the men of the early days of Illinois?"

"Well—I knew most of the men who were then making history, but I was so young that I only took casual thought of them. I knew Gov. Bond, and I was very well acqualnted with Gov. Edwards. I don't remember much about Gov. Coles; I often heard my stepfather, Gov. Reynolds, speak of Gov. Carlin. They were together in the "Rangers." I knew Jesse B. Thomas, the first Senator from Illinois, well. See that table over there?" She pointed to a solid cherry table at the side of the room.

"Well, Gov. Reynolds bought that table of Mr. Thomas when he was selling out to go to Washington. I don't know how old it is, but we have had it ever since.

"I attended Gov. Edwards' funeral in Belleville in 1833.

"Gov. Reynolds," she continued, "was the best of men. I could not have been treated more kindly by my own father than he cared for me. He was peculiar, but always smiling, and he would not let any of us go off to other parts of the house while he was busy writing. He would sit with his paper on his knees before the fire and write. He would never use his writing desk. There, that's it over there."

I looked where she pointed, and I must admire the Governor for using his knees as a desk in preference to the old uncomfortable article of furniture designated. It is a very substantial desk and one likely to be sound and very unserviceable, for many years yet. I said nothing, and she continued:

"The Governor and mother moved to Belleville in 1832, and, of course, I came with them. Here I entered the old pioneer society. Before that we had been very exclusive, as all French creoles were, but here we associated with the best people who were then making the political and commercial foundations of Illinois. Most of the people who were here then are dead now and the few that are left are so old that they seldom get out of their own homes. I can't really understand that I am older than any of them, for I get around and go



JAMES AFFLICK.

to church regularly on Sundays and on all holidays."

"What about the politics of the early days?" was asked.

"I only took an interest in one campaign. That was when Mr. Reynolds was elected Governor. I have forgotten even the date of that campaign. I know it was while we were living in Cahokia. That was known and still is spoken of as the "whisky and Bible" campaign, and William Kinney was the candidate of the 'Whole Hogs.' They had a very lively time during that summer and there were numerous speeches made on both sides. I have taken more interest in the politics of the country since this war with Spain than in all my life."

"Do you still read the papers?"

"Indeed I do, every day, and I think it a shame that this great big country of ours should whip that poor little nation of Spaniards. Even our country is not treating France as it should. I remember when I met Lafayette in St. Louis; that was during Gov. Cole's administration, the most prominent men of all parties wanted to take the horses from the carriage in which he was being drawn through the streets, and they would have drawn the carriage themselves, but Gen. Lafayette would not allow them. It seems to me Americans don't think so much of Frenchmen to-day as they did at that time."

"You know, Mrs. Chandler," said I, "France did not act strictly as a neutral nation should in the late war."

"Yes, I know, but they have many interests in common with Spain," she replied, "and while I am rejoiced at the success of our country, yet I think we could have settled the trouble without war."

Adiel Chandler in Belleville, January 21, 1834, and it was a short time thereafter that her mother, Mrs. Gov. Reynolds, died. Mr. Chandler has been dead for nearly twenty-eight years. In 1841 they built the house in which she now resides, and in all her life of ninety-three years she has only moved four times, and one of them was a forced move at the command of the government, when Capt. Craig burned the village and trading post at Mauvais Terre. She has had a remarkably quiet life for the past sixty-four years, as there has been nothing to disturb the gentle flow of life excepting the death of her only child and of her husband. To-day she has no anxiety, excepting to live to see the twentieth century. In speaking of her desire to live at least another year or two she said:

"I am always ready to go when God calls for me, but I have no troubles and my health is good. I shall not commit suicide, and I believe I shall yet see the end of the nineteenth century and the beginning of the twentieth."

"Yes, I am getting along in years," said James Afflick. "I came to Belleville in 1820, and I have resided here seventy-nine years. That is almost a lifetime for most people.

"I have witnessed every phase of life in Belleville, political, social and domestic, and have been personally acquainted with most of the Governors of Illinois and have met every one of them.

"I saw the first 'hanging' that ever took place in Illinois legally, that of Timothy Bennett, for killing Stuart, in a duel, February 8, 1819. The execution took place in 1821, and I can see his body swinging from the gallows even to-day when I think of the occasion. I don't believe he should have been hanged, for the evidence was not clear. I heard the trial, and Gov. Reynolds was the judge.

"You see, the girl who swore that she saw Bennett put an extra bullet in his gun was fully half a block away.

"I have witnessed the erection and destruction of two court houses and four jails in this town since I came here, and I am only pleased that I have a prospect of seeing the twentieth century. My health is very good, and my memory is exceedingly clear. Sometime I hope to write out my personal recollections of Belleville, but I have only time to write now and then."

Mr. Afflick went back to his native country, Scotland, in 1837, and witnessed the celebration of the crowning of Queen Victoria. He has a son, Edward Gilspie Afflick, who is a mechanic on the flagship New York, and has been greatly interested in our naval battles during the late war.

GEO. W. MARTIN.

Chicago Sun-Times
Sunday, April 20, 1958

Lincoln-Douglas Debates Will Be Honored In State

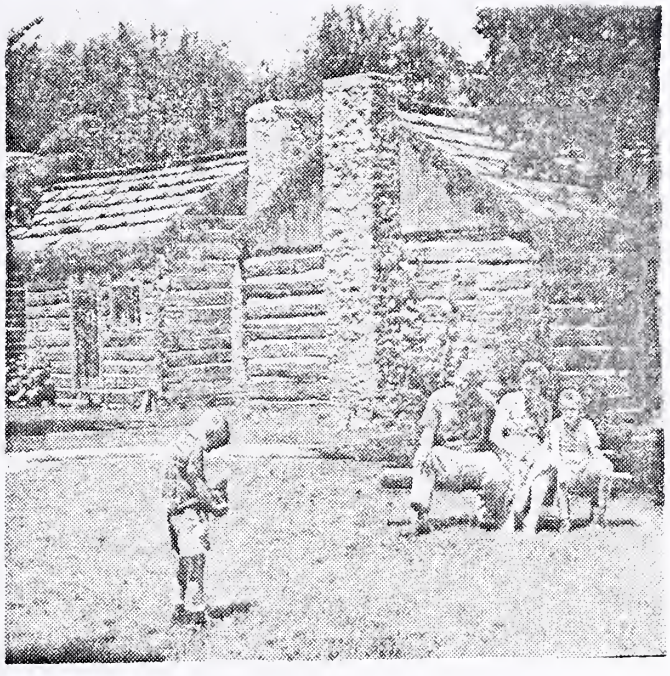
This being the centennial year of the Lincoln-Douglas debates, Illinois will celebrate. Especially the seven cities in which the debates were held.

Centennial celebrations will take place 100 years to the day after Abraham Lincoln, the country lawyer, and Sen. Stephen A. Douglas aroused the nation over the issues which later led to the election of Lincoln to the presidency and to the Civil War. The dates will be the same in each city, except that the centennial events in some cases will extend over several days.

Dates and places of Illinois' celebrations are: Ottawa, Aug. 21-24; Freeport, Aug. 27; Jonesboro, Sept. 10-15; Charleston, Sept. 18; Galesburg, Oct. 7; Quincy, Oct. 11-13; and Alton, Oct. 15.

In addition, Springfield will commemorate Lincoln's famous "House Divided" speech on June 16, and Beardstown will stage a re-enactment of the Duff Armstrong "Almanac Trial" on May 6 and 7.

In the Beardstown trial, Lincoln proved by using the almanac that Armstrong could not have committed the murder of which he was accused "by the light of the moon." Carl G. Hodges, of the state's information service, has prepared a script which will be used in the re-enactment.



A REAL LOG CABIN

This smallest member of the family seems to be enjoying his picture taking at New Salem, the restored Illinois village where Abraham Lincoln spent six formative years in early manhood.

Illinois, which counted 11,826,100 visitors to its 31 state parks last year, expects even more this year. The Lincoln shrines in the Springfield area—Lincoln's home, his tomb and the restored village of New Salem where he spent his early manhood—accounted for more than two million visitors.

Starved Rock, about 90 miles from Chicago, however, accounted for the highest individual total—1,017,369.

Illinois [illegible]

Drawer 12A

Illinois in General